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THE
CAPTIVE AMERICAN;

OR A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

SUFFERINGS OF MRS. JOHNSON,

DURING

Four Years Captivity,

WITH THE

INDIANS AND FRENCH.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

“ How many bleed

“ By shameful variance betwixt man and man!

How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,

“ Shut from the common air and common use

“ Of their own limbs! How many drink the cup

“ Of misery!”

THOMSON.

CARLISLE,

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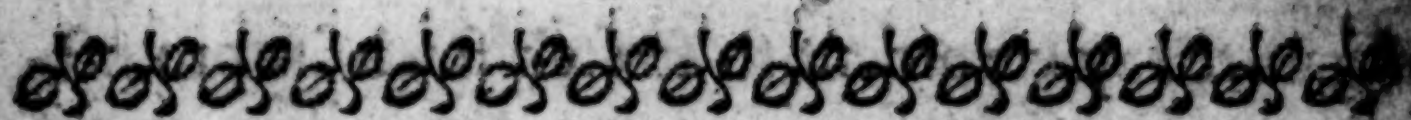
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The Editor of this publication gives it to the world from a motive which will strike every contemplative mind on the perusal. It is the relation of an event which few years ago was unfortunately too frequently experienced by the inhabitants of the western frontier of North America,—that is, captivity by the Indians.—The following Narrative contains such a series of adventures as seldom meet the public eye. They are captivating owing to the heroic magnanimity with which they were endured by the fair sufferer. They likewise form a contrast with the tranquil situation which the present inhabitants enjoy: as such they are presented to the public,—to them, it is presumed, it will be an acceptable offering.

This publication only made its appearance a few months ago in Walpole, North America. It was sold there for a dollar. As the present edition was printed from a copy which but lately made its appearance in Britain, it is presumed there are few copies, if any, to be had.—The Author, Mrs. Johnson, is still living in Charlestown, Newhampshire.

[CARLISLE, JUNE 17, 1797.]





MRS. JOHNSON'S
NARRATIVE.

Introduction.

A Detail of the miseries of a "frontier man" must excite the pity of every one who claims humanity. The gloominess of the rude forest, the distance from friends and competent defence, and the daily inroads and nocturnal yells of hostile Indians, awaken those keen apprehensions and anxieties which conception only can picture. If the peaceful employment of husbandry is pursued, the loaded musket must stand by his side; if he visits a neighbour, or resorts on Sundays to the sacred house of prayer, the weapons of war must bear him company; at home, the distresses of a wife, and the fears of lisping children, often unman the soul that real danger assailed in vain.—Those, who can recollect the war that existed between France and England fifty years ago, may figure to themselves the unhappy situation of the inhabitants on the frontiers of Newhampshire; the the malice of the French in Canada, and the exasperated savages that dwelt in their vicinity, rendered the tedious days and frightful nights a season of unequalled calamities. The daily reports of captured families and slaughtered friends mingled grief with fear. Had there been an

organized government to stretch forth its protecting arm in any case of danger, the misery might have been in a degree alleviated: but the infancy of our country did not admit of this blessing. While Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, was petitioning to England for a fleet and army, Benning Wentworth, the supine Governor of Newhampshire, obeyed implicitly the advice of his friend Shirley, and remained inactively secure at his seat at Portsmouth. At the commencement of the year 1745, the Quixotic expedition to Louisburg was projected, the success of which originated from the merest accident, rather than from military valour or generalship. This drained the thinly inhabited state of Newhampshire of most of its effective men. From that period till the peace, which took place in the year 1749, the visionary schemes of Shirley kept the best soldiers embodied in some remote place, as a force to execute some impolitic project. The conquest of Canada, and the attack upon Crown-Point, are recorded as specimens of the wild projects which were to employ the infant forces of New England. During this time, the frontiers sustained additional miseries, by having the small forces of the state deducted for purposes which could be of no immediate service to them. The savages committed frequent depredations on the defenceless inhabitants, and the ease with which they gained their prey encouraged their boldness, and by scattering in small parties, they were able to infest the whole frontier of Newhampshire, from fort Dummer, on Connecticut river, to the lowest settlement on Merrimack. During this war, which is known by the name of the Cape Breton war, the town

of No. 4 could hardly be said to be inhabited; some adventurers had made a beginning, but few were considered as belonging to the town.— Captain Stevens, whose valour is recorded as an instance of consummate generalship, part of the time kept the fort, which afforded a shelter to the enterprizing settlers, in times of imminent danger. But even his vigilance did not save the town from numerous scenes of carnage. At the commencement of the peace, in 1749, the enterprizing spirit of New England rose superior to the dangers of the forest, and they began to venture innovation. The Indians, still thirsty for plunder and rapine, and regardless of the peace which their masters, the French, had concluded, kept up a flying warfare, and committed several outrages upon lives and property; this kept the increasing inhabitants in a state of alarm for three or four years; most of the time they performed their daily work without molestation, but retreated to the fort at each returning night.

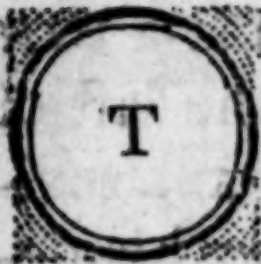
Our country has so long been exposed to the Indian wars, that recitals of exploits and sufferings, of escapes and deliverances, have become both numerous and trite. The air of novelty will not be attempted in the following pages; simple facts, unadorned, are what the reader must expect; pity for my sufferings, and admiration at my safe return, is all that my history can excite. The aged man, while perusing it, will probably turn his attention to the period when the facts took place; his memory will be refreshed with the sad tidings of his country's sufferings, which gave a daily wound to his feelings, between the years forty and sixty; by contrasting those days with

the present, he may rejoice that he witnesses those times which many have "waited for, but died "without a fight." Those "in early life," while they commiserate the sufferings which their parents and ancestors endured, may felicitate themselves that their lines fell in a land of peace, where neither savages nor neighbouring wars embitter life.



CHAP. I.

REMOVAL TO NO. 4, IN THE YEAR 1750, AND
SITUATION TILL AUGUST THE 31ST, THE DAY
AFTER OUR CAPTIVITY.

HE continuation of peace began, by degrees, to appease the resentment of the Indians, and they appeared to discover a wish for friendly intercourse. The inhabitants of No. 4 and its vicinity relaxed their watchfulness, and ventured more boldly into their fields. As prospects grew favourable, my husband, Mr. James Johnson, was induced, in the year 1750, to remove his family from Lunenburg, in Massachusetts, to his possession in No. 4. Lest savage caprice might offer some insult, we resided in the fort two or three years,—but every appearance of hostility at length vanished—the Indians expressed a wish to traffic, the inhabitants laid by their fears, and thought no more of tomahawks nor scalping knives. Mr. Johnson now thought himself justified in removing to his farm, an hundred roods distant from the fort, which was then the uppermost settlement on Connecticut river : he pursued his occupation of trade, and the Indians made frequent visits to traffic their furs for his merchandize. He frequently credited them for blankets and other necessaries, and in most instances they were punctual in payment.—During the year 1753, all was harmony and safety—settlements increased with tolerable rapidity, and the new country began to assume the

appearance of cultivation. The commencement of the year 1754 began to threaten another rupture between the French and English; and, as the dividing line between Canada and the English colonies was the object of contention, it was readily seen that the frontier towns would be in imminent danger. But, as immediate war was not expected, Mr. Johnson thought that he might risk the safety of his family while he made a tour to Connecticut for trade. He set out the last of May, and his absence of three months was a tedious and bitter season to me. Soon after his departure, every one "was tremblingly alive" with fear. The Indians were reported to be on their march for our destruction, and our distance from sources of information gave full latitude for exaggerations of news before it reached our ears.—The fears of the night were horrible beyond description, and even the light of day was far from dispelling painful anxiety. While looking from the windows of my log house, and seeing my neighbours tread cautiously by each hedge and hillock, lest some secreted savage might start forth to take their scalp, my fears would baffle description. Alarms grew greater and greater, till our apprehensions were too strongly confirmed by the news of the capture of Mr. Malony's family, on Merrimack river: this reached us about the 20th of August. Imagination now saw and heard a thousand Indians; and I never went round my own house, without first looking with trembling caution by each corner, to see if a tomahawk was not raised for my destruction.

On the 24th of August I was relieved from all my fears by the arrival of my husband. He

brought intelligence from Connecticut that a war was expected next spring, but that no immediate danger was contemplated. He had made preparations to remove to Northfield, as soon as our stock of hay was consumed, and our dozen of swine had demolished our ample stores of grain, which would secure his family and property from the miseries and ravages of war. Our eldest son, Sylvanus, who was six years old, was in the mean time to be put to school at Springfield.—Mr. Johnson brought home a large addition to his stores, and the neighbours made frequent parties at our house, to express their joy for his return, and time passed merrily off, by the aid of spirit and a ripe yard of melons. As I was in the last days of pregnancy, I could not join so heartily in their good cheer as I otherwise might. Yet, in a new country, pleasure is often derived from sources unknown to those less accustomed to the woods. The return of my husband, the relief from danger, and the crowds of happy friends, combined to render my situation peculiarly agreeable. I now boasted with exultation, that I should, with husband, friends, and luxuries, live happy, in spite of the fear of savages.

On the evening of the 29th of August our house was visited by a party of neighbours, who spent the time very cheerfully with water-melons and flip, till midnight; they all then retired in high spirits, except a spruce young spark, who tarried to keep company with my sister. We then went to bed with feelings well tuned for sleep, and rested with fine composure, till midway between daybreak and sunrise, when we were roused by neighbour Labarree's knocking at the

door, who had shouldered his ax to do a day's work for my husband. Mr. Johnson slipped on his jacket and trowsers, and stepped to the door to let him in. But by opening the door he opened a scene—terrible to describe!—Indians! Indians! were the first words I heard; he sprang to his guns, but Labarree, heedless of danger, instead of closing the door to keep them out, began to rally our hired men up stairs for not rising earlier. But in an instant a crowd of savages, fixed horribly for war, rushed furiously in. I screamed, and begged my friends to ask for quarters. By this time they were all over the house, some up stairs, some hauling my sister out of bed, another had hold of me, and one was approaching Mr. Johnson, who stood in the middle of the floor to deliver himself up; but the Indian supposing that he would make resistance, and be more than his match, went to the door and brought three of his comrades, and the four bound him. I was led to the door, fainting and trembling; there stood my friend Labarree bound; Ebenezer Farnsworth, whom they found up in his chamber, they were putting in the same situation; and, to complete the shocking scene, my three little children were driven naked to the place where I stood. On viewing myself, I found that I too was naked. An Indian had purloined three gowns, who, on seeing my situation, gave me the whole. I asked another for a petticoat, but he refused it. After what little plunder their hurry would allow them to get was confusedly bundled up, we were ordered to march. After going about twenty rods, we fell behind a rising ground, where we halted to pack the things in a

better manner ; while there, a savage went back, as we supposed, to fire the buildings. Farnsworth proposed to my husband to go back with him, to get a quantity of pork from the cellar, to help us on our journey ; but Mr. Johnson prudently replied, that by that means the Indians might find the rum, and in a fit of intoxication kill us all.—The Indian presently returned with marks of fear in his countenance,* and we were hastened on with all violence. Two savages laid hold of each of my arms, and hurried me through thorny thickets in a most unmerciful manner. I lost a shoe, and suffered exceedingly. We heard the alarm guns from the fort. This added new speed to the flight of the savages.—They were apprehensive that soldiers might be sent for our relief. When we got a mile and a half, my faintness obliged me to sit down. This being observed by an Indian, he drew his knife, as I supposed, to put an end to my existence ; but he only cut some bands with which my gown was tied, and then pushed me on. My little children were crying, my husband and the other two were bound, and my sister and myself were obliged to make the best of our way,

* This, as we afterwards found, was occasioned by his meeting Mr. Osmar at the door of the house, who lodged in the chamber, and had secreted himself behind a box, and was then making his escape. He ran directly to the fort, and the alarm guns were fired. My father, Mr. James Willard, was then second in command. Captain Stevens was for sallying out with a party for our relief ; but my father begged him to desist, as the Indians made it an invariable practice to kill their prisoners when attacked.

with all our might. The loss of my shoe rendered travelling extremely painful. At the distance of three miles there was a general halt; the savages supposing that we, as well as themselves, might have an appetite for breakfast, gave us a loaf of bread, some raisins and apples, which they had taken from the house. While we were forcing down our scanty breakfast, a horse came in sight, known to us all by the name of Scoggin, belonging to Phineas Stevens, Esq. One of the Indians attempted to shoot him, but was prevented by Mr. Johnson. They then expressed a wish to catch him, saying, by pointing to me, for squaw to ride. My husband had previously been unbound to assist the children, and he, with two Indians, caught the horse. By this time my legs and feet were covered with blood, which being noticed by Mr. Labarree, he, with that humanity which never forsook him, took his stockings and presented them to me, and the Indians gave me a pair of moggafons. Bags and blankets were thrown over Scoggin, and I mounted on the top of them, and on we jogged about seven miles, to the upper end of Wilcott's Island. We there halted, and prepared to cross the river; rafts were made of dry timber—two Indians and Farnsworth crossed first; Labarree, by signs, got permission to swim the horse, and Mr. Johnson was allowed to swim by the raft that I was on, to push it along. We all arrived safe on the other side of the river about four o'clock in the afternoon; a fire was kindled, and some of their stolen kettles were hung over it, and filled with porridge. The savages took delight in viewing their spoil, which amounted to forty or fifty pounds in value. They

then, with a truly savage yell, gave their war whoop, and bade defiance to danger. As we tarried an hour in this place, I had time to reflect on our miserable situation. Captives, in the power of unmerciful savages, without provision, and almost without clothes, in a wilderness where we must sojourn as long as the children of Israel did, for ought we knew; and, what added to our distress, not one of our savage masters could understand a word of English. Here, after being hurried from home with such rapidity, I have leisure to inform the reader respecting our Indians as masters. They were eleven† in number, men of middle age, except one, a youth of sixteen, who, in our journey, discovered a very mischievous and troublesome disposition. According to their national practice, he who first laid hands on a prisoner considered him as his property. My master, who was the one that took my hand when I sat on the bed, was as clever an Indian as ever I saw; he even evinced, at numerous times, a disposition that shewed he was by no means void of compassion. The four who took my husband, claimed him as their property; and my sister, three children, Labarree, and Farnsworth, had each a master.—When the time came for us to prepare to march, I almost expired at the thought. To leave my aged parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, and travel with savages, through a dismal forest, to unknown

† Mr. Labarre is very positive, and I think Mr. Johnson was of the same opinion, that seventeen Indians attacked the house; the other six might have been a scouting party, that watched till we were out of danger, and then took another rout.

regions, in the alarming situation I then was in, with three small children, the eldest, Sylvanus, only six years old. My eldest daughter, Susanna, was four, and Polly, the other, two. My sister Miriam was fourteen. My husband was barefoot, and otherwise thinly cloathed; his master had taken his jacket, and nothing but his shirt and trowsers remained. My two daughters had nothing but their shifts, and I only the gown that was handed me by the savages. In addition to the sufferings which arose from my own deplorable condition, I could not but feel for my friend Labarree; he had left a wife and four small children behind, to lament his loss, and render his situation extremely unhappy. With all these misfortunes lying heavily upon me, the reader may imagine my situation.—The Indians pronounced the dreadful word “munch” (march) and on we must go. I was put on the horse, Mr. Johnson took one daughter, and Labarree, being unbound, the other. We went six or eight miles, and stopped for the night. The men were made secure, by having their legs put in split sticks, somewhat like stocks, and tied with cords which were tied to the limbs of trees too high to be reached. My sister, much to her mortification, must lie between two Indians, with a cord thrown over her, and passing under each of them; the little children had blankets, and I was allowed one for my use. Thus we took lodging for the night, with the sky for a covering, and the ground for a pillow. The fatigues of the preceding day obliged me to sleep several hours, in spite of the horrors which surrounded me.—The Indians observed great silence, and never spoke, but when really

necessary, and the prisoners were disposed to say but little: my children were much more peaceable than could be imagined,—gloomy fear imposed a dead silence.

CHAP. II.

HISTORY OF OUR JOURNEY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS, TILL WE CAME TO THE WATERS THAT ENTER LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

IN the morning we were roused before sunrise, the Indians struck up a fire, hung on their stolen kettles, and made us some water-gruel for breakfast. After a few sips of this meagre fare, I was again put on the horse, with my husband by my side to hold me on. My two fellow prisoners took the little girls, and we marched sorrowfully on for an hour or two, when a keener distress was added to my multiplied afflictions,—I was taken with pangs of child-birth. The Indians signified to us that we must go on to a brook. When we got there, they shewed some humanity, by making a booth for me. Here the compassionate reader will drop a tear for my inexpressible distress! Fifteen or twenty miles from the abode of any civilized being, in the open wilderness, rendered cold by a rainy day—in one of the most perilous hours, and unsupplied with the least necessary that could yield convenience at the hazardous moment! My children were crying at a distance, where they were held by their masters, and only my husband and sister to attend me!—None but mothers can figure to themselves my unhappy

fortune!—The Indians kept aloof the whole time. About ten o'clock a daughter was born. They then brought me some articles of cloathing for the child, which they had taken from the house. My master looked into the booth, and clapped his hands with joy, and cried, "Two monies for me, two monies for me!"—I was permitted to rest the remainder of the day. The Indians were employed in making a bier for the prisoners to carry me on, and another booth for my lodging during night. They brought a needle and two pins, and some bark, to tie the child's cloaths, which they gave my sister, and a large wooden spoon to feed it with. At dusk they made some porridge, and brought a cup to steep some roots in which Mr. Labarree had provided. In the evening I was removed to the new booth. For supper, they made more porridge and some Johnny cakes. My portion was brought me in a little bark. I slept that night far beyond expectation.

In the morning we were summoned for the journey, after the usual breakfast of meal and water. I, with my infant in my arms, was laid on the litter, which was supported alternately by Mr. Johnson, Labarree, and Farnsworth. My sister and son were put upon Scoggin, and the two little girls rode on their masters' backs. Thus we proceeded two miles, when my carriers grew too faint to proceed any further. This being observed by our sable masters, a general halt was called, and they embodied themselves for council. My master soon made signs to Mr. Johnson, that, if I could ride on the horse, I might proceed, otherwise I must be left behind. Here I observed marks of pity in his countenance, but this might

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rise from the fear of losing his "two monies." I preferred an attempt to ride on the horse, rather than to perish miserably alone. Mr. Labarree took the infant, and every step of the horse almost deprived me of life. My weak and helpless condition rendered me, in a degree, insensible to every thing; my poor child could have no subsistence from my breast, and was supported entirely by water-gruel. My other little children, rendered peevish by an uneasy mode of riding, often burst into cries, but a surly check of their masters soon silenced them.—We proceeded on with a slow, mournful pace. My weakness was too severe to allow me to sit on the horse long at a time; every hour I was taken off, and laid on the ground to rest. This preserved my life during the third day. At night we found ourselves at the head of Black River Pond. Here we prepared to spend the night; our supper consisted of gruel and the broth of a hawk they had killed the preceding day. The prisoners were secured as usual, a booth was made for me, and all went to rest. After encampment, we entered into a short conversation. My sister observed, that, if I could have been left behind, our trouble would have been seemingly nothing. My husband hoped, by the assistance of Providence, we should all be preserved. Mr. Labarree pitied his poor family—and Farnsworth summed the whole of his wishes, by saying, that, if we could have got a layer of pork from the cellar, we should not have been in fear of starvation.—The night was uncommonly dark, and passed tediously off.

In the morning, half chilled with a cold fog, we were ordered from our places of rest, were

offered the lean fare of meal and water, and then prepared for the journey : every thing resembled a funeral procession. The savages preserved their gloomy sadness—the prisoners, bowed down with grief and fatigue, felt little disposition to talk ; and the unevenness of the country, sometimes lying in miry plains, at others rising into steep and broken hills, rendered our passage hazardous and painful. Mr. Labarree kept the infant in his arms, and preserved its life. The fifth day's journey was an unvaried scene of fatigue. The Indians sent out two or three hunting parties, who returned without game. As we had in the morning consumed the last morsel of our meal, every one now began to be seriously alarmed, and hunger, with all its horrors, looked us earnestly in the face. At night, we found the waters that run into Lake Champlain, which was over the height of land ; before dark we halted, and the Indians, by help of their punck, which they carried in horns, made a fire. They soon adopted a plan to relieve their hunger : the horse was shot, and his flesh was in a few minutes broiling on embers, and they, with native gluttony, satiated their craving appetites. To use the term politeness in the management of this repast, may be thought a burlesque, yet their offering the prisoners the best parts of the horse certainly bordered on civility ; an epicure could not have catered nicer slices, nor, in that situation, served them up with more neatness. Appetite is said to be the best sauce, yet our abundance of it did not render savory this novel steak. My children, however, eat too much, which made them very unwell for a number of days. Broth was made

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for me and my child, which was rendered almost a luxury by the seasoning of roots. After supper, countenances began to brighten; those who had relished the meal exhibited new strength, and those who had only snuffed its effluvia confessed themselves regaled. The evening was employed in drying and smoking what remained for future use. The night was a scene of distressing fears to me, and my extreme weakness had affected my mind to such a degree, that every difficulty appeared doubly terrible. By the assistance of Scoggin, I had been brought so far, yet so great was my debility, that every hour I was taken off, and laid on the ground, to keep me from expiring. But now, alas! this conveyance was no more. To walk it was impossible. Inevitable death, in the midst of woods, one hundred miles wide, appeared to be my only portion.

CHAP. III.

CONTINUATION, TILL OUR ARRIVAL AT EAST BAY, IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

IN the morning of the sixth day, the Indians exerted themselves to prepare one of their greatest dainties. The marrow bones of old Scoggin were pounded for a soup, and every root, both sweet and bitter, that the woods afforded, was thrown in to give it a flavour. Each one partook of as much as his feelings would allow.—The war whoop then resounded, with an infernal yell, and we began to fix for a march. My fate

was unknown, till my master brought some bark, and tied my petticoats as high as he supposed would be convenient for walking, and ordered me to "munch." With scarce strength to stand alone, I went on half a mile with my little son and three Indians. The rest were advanced. My power to move then failed, the world grew dark, and I dropped down. I had sight enough to see an Indian lift his hatchet over my head, while my son screamed, "Ma'am do go, for they will kill you!" As I fainted, my last thought was, that I should presently be in a world of spirits. When I awoke, my master was talking angrily with the savage who had threatened my life. By his gestures, I could learn that he charged him with not acting the honourable part of a warrior, by an attempt to destroy the prize of a brother.—A whoop was given for a halt. My master helped me to the rest of the company, where a council was held, the result of which was, that my husband should walk by my side and help me along. This he did for some hours, but faintness then overpowered me, and Mr. Johnson's tenderness and sollicitude were unequal to the task of aiding me further. Another council was held. While in debate, as I lay on the ground gasping for breath, my master sprung towards me with his hatchet. My husband and fellow prisoners grew pale at the sight, suspecting that he, by a single blow, might rid themselves of so great a burden as myself;—but he had yet too much esteem for his "two monies." His object was to get bark from a tree, to make a pack-saddle, for my conveyance on the back of my husband. He took me up, and we marched in that form the rest of

the day. Mr. Labarree still kept my infant, Farnsworth carried one of the little girls, and the other rode with her master: they were extremely sick and weak owing to the large portion of the horse which they eat; but if they uttered a murmuring word, a menacing frown from the savages soon imposed silence. None of the Indians were disposed to shew insults of any nature, except the youngest, which I have before mentioned.— He often delighted himself with tormenting my sister, by pulling her hair, treading on her gown, and numerous other boyish pranks, which were provoking and troublesome. We moved on, faint and wearily, till night; the Indians then yelled their war whoop, built a fire, and hung over their horse broth. After supper, the booth was built as usual, and I reposed much better than I had done the preceding nights.

In the morning, I found myself greatly restored. Without the aid of physicians or physic, Nature had begun the cure of that weakness to which she had reduced me but a few days before. The reader will be tired with a repetition of the same materials for our meals; but, if my feelings can be realized, no one will turn with disgust from a breakfast of steaks which were cut from the thigh of a horse. After which, Mr. Johnson was ordered to take the infant, and go forward with part of the company. I “munched” in the rear till we came to a beaver pond, which was formed in a branch of Otter Creek. Here I was obliged to wade; when half way over, up to the middle in cold water, my little strength failed, and my power to speak or see left me. While motionless and stiffened, in the middle of the

pond, I was perceived from the other side by Mr. Johnson, who laid down the infant, and came to my assistance: he took me in his arms, and when the opposite side was gained, life itself had apparently forsaken me. The whole company stopped, and the Indians, with more humanity than I supposed them possessed of, busied themselves in making a fire to warm me into life. The warm influence of the fire restored my exhausted strength by degrees; and in two hours I was told to "munch." The rest of the day I was carried by my husband. In the middle of the afternoon, we arrived on the banks of one of the great branches of Otter Creek. Here we halted, and two savages, who had been on a hunting scout, returned with a duck; a fire was made, which was thrice grateful to my cold shivering limbs. Six days had now almost elapsed since the fatal morn in which we were taken, and by the blessing of that Providence whose smiles give life to the creation, we were still in existence. My wearied husband, naked children, and helpless infant, formed a scene that conveyed severer pangs to my heart than all the sufferings I endured myself. The Indians were sullen and silent, the prisoners were swollen with gloomy grief, and I was half the time expiring. After my feelings were a little quickened by warmth, my sad portion, consisting of the duck's head and a gill of broth, was brought in a bark. As I lifted the unsavory morsel, with a trembling hand, to my mouth, I cast my thoughts back a few days, to a time when, from a board plentifully spread, in my own house, I eat my food with a merry heart. The wooden spoon dropped from my feeble hand. The contrast was

too affecting. Seated on a rugged rock beneath a hemlock, as I then was, emaciated by sickness, and surrounded by my weeping and distressed family, who were helpless prisoners, despair would have robbed me of life, had I not put my whole confidence in that Being who has power to save. Our masters began to ford the stream. I swallowed most of my broth, and was taken up by my husband. The river was very rapid, and passing dangerous. Mr. Labarree, when half over with my child, was tripped up by its rapidity, and lost the babe in the water; little did I expect to see the poor thing again, but he fortunately reached a corner of its blanket, and saved its life. The rest got safe to the other shore—another fire was built, and my sister dried the infant and its clothes. Here we found a proof of Indian sagacity, which might justly be supposed not to belong to a band of rambling barbarians. In their journey over to Connecticut river, they had, in this place, killed a bear; the entrails were cleansed, and filled with the fat of the animal, and suspended from the limb of a tree; by it was deposited a bag of flour, and some tobacco: all which was designed for future stores, when travelling that way. Nothing could have been offered more acceptable, than these tokens of Indian economy and prudence. The flour was made into pudding, and the bear's grease sauce was not unrelishing.—Broth was made, well seasoned with snakeroot, and those who were fond of tobacco had each their share. The whole formed quite a sumptuous entertainment. But these savage dainties made no sensible addition to our quota of happiness. My weakness increased, my children were

very unwell, and Mr. Johnson's situation was truly distressing. By travelling barefoot over such a length of forest, and supporting me on his shoulders, his feet were rendered sore beyond description. I cannot express too much gratitude for Mr. Labarree's goodness. My infant was his sole charge, and he supported it by pieces of the horse flesh, which he kept for its use, which, by being chewed in his own mouth, and then put into the child's, afforded it the necessary nutriment. After supper, my booth was made, the evening yell sounded, and we encamped for the night. By this time the savages had relaxed part of their watchfulness, and begun to be careless of our escaping. Labarree and Farnsworth were slightly bound, and my husband had all his liberty. My sister could sleep without her two Indian companions, and the whole company appeared less like prisoners.

In the morning of the eight day, we were roused at sunrise. Although the early part of September is generally blessed with a serene sky and a warm sun, yet we suffered exceedingly by the cold. The mornings were damp and foggy, and the lofty trees and numerous mountains often excluded the sun till noon. Our snakeroot broth, enriched with flour, made a rare breakfast, and gave a little strength to our exhausted limbs.—Orders came to “munch.” My poor husband took me upon the pack-saddle, and we resumed our march. Long before night, despondency had strikingly pictured every countenance. My little son, who had performed the whole of the journey on foot, was almost lifeless. Mr. Johnson was emaciated and almost exhausted; often he laid

me on the ground to save his own life and mine; for my weakness was too great to ride far without requiring rest. While prostrate upon the earth, and able to speak, I often begged him to leave me there to end a life which could but last a short time, and would take his with it, if he continued his exertions to save me; but the idea was too shocking, so we continued our journey, in a slow sorrowful mood, till night. Often did I measure a small distance for the sun to run before I must bid it an eternal adieu. But the same Providence who had brought us so far, and inclined our savage masters to mercy, continued my protector. Farnsworth carried me a small distance, and at last darkness put an end to our painful day's journey. After the customary refreshment, we went to rest. The night was terrible; the first part was Egyptian darkness, then thunder, and lightning, and rain. On the cold earth, without a cover, our situation may be imagined, but not described!—The Indians gave me an additional blanket for my use, and shewed some concern for my welfare; but it will ever stand first among modern miracles, that my life was spared.

The morning came, and a bright sun reanimated our drowned spirits. The whole company now resembled a group of ghosts more than bodily forms. Little did I expect that the light of another day would witness me in life; sensible that, if my own sad diseases did not finish my existence, my husband would be reduced to the woeful alternative of either perishing with me, or leaving me in the woods to preserve his own life. The horrid yell was given, which was a signal for preparation. Melancholy sat heavily on every coun-

tenance, and the tear of woe moistened the sickened cheek of every prisoner. In addition to famine and fatigue, so long a journey, without a shoe for defence, had lacerated and mangled every foot to a shocking degree,—travelling was keenly painful.—The scanty breakfast was served up; as I was lifting my gill of broth to my cold lips, my master, with a rash hand, pulled it from me, and gave it to my husband, observing, by signs, that he required all the sustenance, to enable him to carry me. I yielded, on the supposition that it was a matter of little consequence whether any thing was bestowed to that body which must soon mingle with its original clay.—With sorrow and anguish, we began the ninth day's journey. Before we proceeded far, the Indians signified to us, that we should arrive, before night, at East Bay, on Lake Champlain. This was a cordial to our drooping spirits, and caused an immediate transition from despair to joy; the idea of arriving at a place of water carriage translated us to new life. Those who languished with sickness, fatigue, or despair, now marched forward with nervous alacrity. Two Indians were sent on a hunting scout, who were to meet us at the Bay with canoes. This seasonable and agreeable intelligence had every possible effect that was good; we walked with greater speed, felt less of the journey, and thought little of our distresses. About the middle of the afternoon the waters of the Lake were seen from a neighbouring eminence; we soon gained the bank, where we found the two Indians, with four canoes, and a ground squirrel; a fire was built, and some food put in preparation. Here my

feelings, which had not been exhilarated so much as those of my fellow prisoners, were buoyed above despair, and for a short time the pangs of distress lost their influence. The life, which nine days painful suffering in the wilderness had brought to its last moment of duration, now started into new existence, and rendered the hour I sat on the shore of Lake Champlain the happiest I ever experienced. Here we were to take passage in boats, and find relief from the thorny hills and miry swamps of the damp desert. My husband could now be relieved from the burden which had brought him as nigh to eternity as myself. My little children would soon find cloathing, and all my fellow sufferers would be in a condition to attain some of life's conveniencies;—twelve hours sailing would waft us to the settlements of civilized Frenchmen. Considering how much we had endured, few will deem it less than a miracle that we were still among the living. My son, only six years old, had walked barefoot the whole journey. Farnsworth was shoeless, and carried my eldest daughter. Labarrec had to carry and preserve the life of my infant. My sister, owing to her youth and health, had suffered the least. My two little daughters, with only their shifts and part of one of the three gowns which the savage gave me, were subject to all the damps of morn and night; and Mr. Johnson's situation was pitiably painful; the fatigue of carrying me on the wearying pack-saddle had rendered his emaciated body almost a corpse, and his sore feet made him a cripple.—The Indians had been surprisngly patient, and often discovered tokens of humanity.—— At every meal, we all shared equal with them,

whether a horse or a duck composed the bill of fare,—and more than once they gave me a blanket to shelter me from a thunder storm.

CHAP. IV.

CROSSING THE LAKE TO CROWN POINT, FROM
THENCE TO ST. JOHN'S—CHAMBLEE—AND TO
ST. FRANCIS'S VILLAGE.

I WILL only detain the reader a few moments longer in this place, while I eat the leg of a woodcock, and then request him to take a night's sailing in the canoe with me across the Lake, tho' I sincerely wish him a better passage than I had. No sooner was our repast finished, than the party were divided into four equal parties for passage. In my boat were two savages, besides my son and infant. I was ordered to lie flat on the bottom of the canoe, and when pain obliged me to move for relief, I had a rap from a paddle. At day-break, we arrived at a great rock on the west side of the Lake, where we stopped and built a fire. The Indians went to a French house, not far distant, and got some meat, bread, and green corn.—Although we were not allowed to take the meat, yet, by the grateful effluvia of the broiling steak, we were finely regaled, and the bread and roasted corn were a luxury. Here the savages, for the first time, gave loud tokens of joy, by hallooing and yelling in a tremendous manner. The prisoners were now introduced to a new school. Little did we expect the accomplishment of dancing would ever be taught us by the savages. But the war-dance must now be held, and every

prisoner that could move, must take his awkward steps. The figure consisted of circular motion round the fire; each sung his own music, and the best dancer was the one most violent in motion. The prisoners were taught each a song; mine was, "Danna witchee natchepung;" my son's was, "Narwiscumptom;" the rest I cannot recollect. Whether this task was imposed on us for their diversion, or a religious ceremony, I cannot say, but it was very painful and offensive. In the forenoon, seven Indians came to us, who were received with great joy by our masters, who took great pleasure in introducing their prisoners. The war-dance was again held; we were obliged to join, and sing our songs, while the Indians rent the air with infernal yelling. We then embarked, and arrived at Crown Point about noon. Each prisoner was then led by their masters to the residence of the French Commander. The Indians kept up their infernal yelling the whole time.— We were ordered to his apartment, and used with that hospitality which characterises the best part of the nation. We had brandy in profusion, a good dinner, and a change of linen. This was luxury indeed, after what we had suffered for the want of these things. None but ourselves could prize their value. After dinner we paraded before Mr. Commander, and underwent examination; after which we were shewn a convenient apartment, where we resided four days, not subject to the jurisdiction of our savage masters. Here we received great civilities, and many presents. I had a nurse, who, in a great measure, restored my exhausted strength.— My children were all decently cloathed, and my infant in particular. The first day, while I was

taking a nap, they dressed it so fantastically, a la France, that I refused to own it when brought to my bed-side, not guessing that I was the mother of such a strange thing.

On the fourth day, to our grief and mortification, we were again delivered to the Indians, who led us to the water side, where we all embarked in one vessel for St. John's. The wind shifted after a short sail, and we dropped anchor. In a short time a canoe came along side of us, in which was a white woman, who was bound for Albany. Mr. Johnson begged her to stop for a few minutes, while he wrote to Col. Lydius of Albany, to inform him of our situation, and to request him to put the same in the Boston newspapers, that our friends might learn that we were alive. The woman delivered the letter, and the contents were published, which conveyed the agreeable tidings to our friends, that, although prisoners, we were then alive.

After a disagreeable voyage of three days, we made St. John's the 16th of September, where we again experienced the politeness of a French Commander. I, with my child, was kindly lodged in the same room with himself and lady. In the morning, we still found misfortunes treading close at our heels;—we must again be delivered to our savage masters, and take another passage in the boats for Chamblee, and, when within three miles of it, Labarree, myself and child, with our two masters, were put on shore; we were ignorant of our destiny, and parting from husband and friends, without knowing whether we were ever to meet them again, was a severe trial. We walked on to Chamblee. Here

our fears were dissipated, by meeting our friends. In the garrison of this place, we found all the hospitality our necessities required. Here, for the first time after my captivity, I lodged on a comfortable bed. Brandy was handed about in large bowels, and we lived in a high stile. The next morning we were put into the custody of our old masters, who took us to the canoes, in which we had a painful voyage that day and the following night to Sorell, where we arrived on the 19th. A hospitable friar came to the shore to see us, and invited us to his house; he gave us a good breakfast, and drank our better healths in a tumbler of brandy: he took compassionate notice of my child, and ordered it some suitable food. But the Indians hurried us off before it could eat. He then went with us to the shore, and ordered his servant to carry the food prepared for the child to the canoe, where he waited till I fed it. The friar was a very genteel man, and gave us his benediction at parting in feeling language. We then rowed on till the middle of the afternoon, when we landed on a barren heath, and, by the help of a fire, cooked an Indian dinner; after which the war-dance was held, and another infernal yelling. The prisoners were obliged to sing till they were hoarse, and dance round the fire. We had now arrived within a few miles of the village of St. Francis, to which place our masters belonged. Whenever the warriors return from an excursion against an enemy, their return to the tribe or village must be designated by warlike ceremonial; the captives or spoil which may happen to crown their valour must be conducted in a triumphant form, and decorated to

every possible advantage For this end, we must now submit to painting; their vermilion, with which they were ever supplied, was mixed with bear's grease, and every cheek, chin, and forehead must have a dash. We then rowed on within a mile of the town, where we stopped at a French house to dine; the prisoners were served with soup meagre and bread. After dinner, two savages proceeded to the village, to carry the glad tidings of our arrival. The whole atmosphere soon resounded from every quarter, with whoops, yells, shrieks, and screams. St. Francis, from the noise that came from it, might be supposed the centre of Pandemonium. Our masters were not backward, they made every response they possibly could. The whole time we were sailing from the French house, the noise was direful to be heard. Two hours before sunset, we came to the landing at the village. No sooner had we landed, than the yelling in the town was redoubled, and a cloud of savages of all sizes and sexes soon appeared running towards us; when they reached the boats, they formed themselves into a long parade, leaving a small space, through which we must pass. Each Indian took his prisoner by the hand, and after ordering him to sing the war-song, began to march through the gauntlet. We expected a severe beating before we got through, but were agreeably disappointed, when we found that each Indian only gave us a tap on the shoulder. We were led directly to the houses, each taking his prisoner to his own wigwam. When I entered my master's door, his brother saluted me with a large belt of wampum, and my master presented me with another: both were put over my shoulders, and

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crossed behind and before. My new home was not the most agreeable ; a large wigwam without a floor, with a fire in the centre, and only a few water vessels and dishes to eat from, made of birch bark, and tools for cookery, made clumsily of wood, for furniture, will not be thought a pleasing residence for one accustomed to civilized life.

CHAP. V.

RESIDENCE AT ST. FRANCIS—SALE OF MOST OF THE PRISONERS TO THE FRENCH, AND REMOVAL TO MONTREAL.

NIGHT presently came after our arrival at St. Francis. Those who have felt the gloomy home-sick feelings which sadden those hours which a youth passes when first from a father's house, may judge of part of my sufferings ; but when the rest of my circumstances are added, their conception must fall infinitely short. I now found myself, with my infant, in a large wigwam, accompanied with two or three warriors, and as many squaws, where I must spend the night, and perhaps a year. My fellow prisoners were dispersed over the town ; each one probably feeling the same gloominess with myself. Hasty pudding was presently brought forward for supper. A spacious bowl of wood, well filled, was placed in a central spot, and each one drew near with a wooden spoon. As the Indians never use seats, nor have any in their wigwams, my awkwardness in taking my position was a matter of no small

amusement to my new companions. The squaws first fall upon their knees, and then sit back upon their heels. This was a posture that I could not imitate. To sit in any other, was thought by them indelicate and unpolite. But I advanced to my pudding with the best grace I could, not, however, escaping some of their funny remarks. When the hour for sleep came on (for it would be improper to call it bedtime, where beds were not) I was pointed to a platform, raised half a yard, where, upon a board, covered with a blanket, I was to pass the night. The Indians threw themselves down in various parts of the building, in a manner that more resembled cows in a shed than human beings in a house. In the morning, our breakfast consisted of the reliques of the last night. My sister came to see me in the forenoon, and we spent some hours in observations upon our situation, while washing some apparel at a little brook. In the afternoon, I, with my infant, was taken to the grand parade, where we found a large collection of the inhabitants of the village: an aged chief stepped forward into an area, and, after every noise was silenced, and every one fixed in profound attention, he began his harangue; his manner was solemn—his motions and expression gave me a perfect idea of an orator. Not a breath was heard, and every spectator seemed to reverence what he said. After the speech, my little son was brought to the opposite side of the parade, and a number of blankets laid by his side. It now appeared that his master and mine intended a swap of prisoners: my master being a hunter, wished for my son to attend him on his excursions. Each delivered his property with great

formality; my son and blankets being an equivalent for myself, child, and wampum. I was taken to the house of my new master, and found myself allied to the first family; my master was son-in-law to the grand sachem, was accounted rich, had a store of goods, and lived in a stile far above the majority of his tribe. Soon after my arrival at his house, the interpreter came to inform me, that I was adopted into his family. I was then introduced to the family, and was told to call them brothers and sisters. I made a short reply, expressive of gratitude, for being introduced to a house of high blood, and requested their patience while I should learn the customs of the nation.— This was scarce over, when the attention of the village was called to the grand parade, to attend a rejoicing, occasioned by the arrival of some warriors, who had brought some scalps. They were carried in triumph on a pole. Savage butchery upon murdered countrymen! The sight was horrid. As I retired to my new residence, I could hear the savage yells that accompany the war-dance. I spent the night in sad reflection.

My time was now solitary beyond description; my new sisters and brothers treated me with the same attention that they did their natural kindred, but it was an unnatural situation to me. I was a novice at making canoes, bunks, and tumplines, which was the only occupation of the squaws; of course idleness was among my calamities.—My fellow prisoners were as gloomy as myself; ignorant whether they were to spend their days in this inactive village, to be carried into a war campaign to slaughter their countrymen, or to be dragged to the cold lakes of the north in a hunt-

ing voyage. We visited each other daily, and spent our time in conjecturing our future destiny.

The space of forty-four years having elapsed since my residence at St. Francis, it is impossible to give the reader a minute detail of events that occurred while there; many of them are still forcibly impressed upon my memory, but dates and other particulars are inaccurately treasured up by faint recollection. Mr. Johnson tarried but a few days with me, before he was carried to Montreal to be sold. My two daughters, sister, and Labarree, were soon after carried to the same place, at different times. Farnsworth was carried by his master on a hunting scout, but not proving so active in the chase and ambush as they could have wished, he was returned, and sent to Montreal. I now found an increase to my trouble, with only my son and infant in this strange land, without a prospect of relief, and with all my former trouble lying upon me, disappointment and despair had near proved my executioners. In this dilemma, who can imagine my distress, when my little son came running to me one morning, swollen with tears, exclaiming, that the Indians were going to carry him into the woods to hunt! He had scarcely told the piteous story, before his master came to pull him away; he threw his little arms around me, begging, in the agony of grief, that I would keep him. The inexorable savage unclenched his hands, and forced him away: the last words I heard, intermingled with his cries, were, "Ma'am, I shall never see you again!"—The keenness of my pangs almost obliged me to wish that I never had been a mother. "Farewel, Sylvanus!" said I, "God will preserve you."

It was now the 15th day of October. Forty-five days had passed since my captivity, and no prospect, but what was darkened with clouds of misfortune. The uneasiness occasioned by indolence was in some measure relieved by the privilege of making shirts for my brother. At night and morn, I was allowed to milk the cows. The rest of the time I strolled gloomily about, looking sometimes into an unfociable wigwam, at others sauntering into the bushes, and walking on the banks of brooks. Once I went to a French house three miles distant, to visit some friends of my brother's family, where I was entertained politely a week. At another time I went with a party to fish, accompanied by a number of squaws. My weakness obliged me to rest often, which gave my companions a poor opinion of me; but they shewed no other resentment, than calling me "no good squaw," which was the only reproach my sister ever gave when I displeased her. All the French inhabitants I formed an acquaintance with treated me with that civility which distinguishes the nation;—once in particular, being almost distracted with an aching tooth, I was carried to a French physician across the river for relief. They prevailed on the Indians to let me visit them a day or two, during which time their marked attention and generosity claim my warmest gratitude. At parting, they expressed their earnest wishes to have me visit them again.

St. Francis contained about thirty wigwams, which were thrown disorderly into a clump.—There was a church, in which mass was held every night and morning, and every Sunday: the hearers were summoned by a bell; and attendance

was pretty general. Ceremonies were performed by a French friar, who lived in the midst of them, for the salvation of their souls. He appeared to be in that place what the legislative branch is in civil governments, and the grand sachem the executive. The inhabitants lived in perfect harmony, holding most of their property in common. They were prone to indolence when at home, and not remarkable for neatness. They were extremely modest, and apparently averse to airs of courtship. Necessity was the only thing that called them to action; this induced them to plant their corn, and to undergo the fatigues of hunting. Perhaps I am wrong in calling necessity the only motive; revenge, which prompts them to war, has great power. I had a numerous retinue of relations, which I visited daily; but my brother's house being one of the most decent in the village, I fared full as well at home. Among my connections was a little brother Sabaties, who brought the cows for me, and took particular notice of my child. He was a sprightly little fellow, and often amused me with feats performed with his bow and arrow.

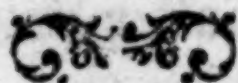
In the early part of November, Mr. Johnson wrote from Montreal, requesting me to prevail on the Indians to carry me to Montreal for sale, as he had made provision for that purpose. I disclosed the matter, which was agreed to by my brother and sister, and, on the 7th, we set sail in a little bark canoe. While crossing Lake St. Peter's, we came nigh landing on the shores of eternity. The waves were raised to an enormous height by the wind, and often broke over the canoe. My brother and sister were pale as ghosts,

and we all expected immediate destruction; but the arm of Salvation was extended for our relief, and we reached the shore. We were four days in this voyage, and received obliging civilities every night at French settlements. On the 11th, we arrived at Montreal, where I had the supreme satisfaction of meeting my husband, children, and friends. Here I had the happiness to find, that all my fellow prisoners had been purchased by gentlemen of respectability, by whom they were treated with great humanity. Mr. Du Quesne bought my sister, my eldest daughter was owned by three affluent old maids of the name of Jaillon, and the other was owned by the mayor of the city.

Mr. Johnson had obtained the privilege of two months absence, on parole, for the purpose of going to New England to procure cash for the redemption of his family: he set out on his journey the day after my arrival at Montreal. Mr. Du Quesne engaged to supply his family with necessaries during his absence, and was to be recompensed at his return. Directly after his departure, I found myself doomed to fresh trouble. The Indians brought me here for the purpose of exchanging me for some Micanaw savages, a tribe with whom they were at war; but, being disappointed in this, they were exorbitant in their demands, and refused to take less than a thousand livres for me and my child. Mr. Du Quesne fixed his offer at seven hundred, which was utterly refused by my savage masters. Their next step was to threaten to take me back to St. Francis; but, after half a day's furly deliberation, they concluded to take the offered sum. I was

received into Mr. Du Quesne's family. My joy at being delivered from savage captivity was unbounded. From this period, Indians and sufferings were no more to torture me or my family, except the unfortunate Sylvanus. The fond idea of liberty held forth its dazzling pleasures, and the ignorance of future calamities precluded every cloud that could obscure its effulgence. On Mr. Johnson's journey to New England I rested all my hope, and felt full confidence in being relieved at his return.

In justice to the Indians, I ought to remark, that they never treated me with cruelty to a wanton degree: few people have survived a situation like mine, and few have fallen into the hands of savages disposed to more lenity and patience. Modesty has ever been a characteristic of every savage tribe; a truth which the whole of my family will join to corroborate to the extent of their knowledge. As they are aptly called the children of nature, those who have profited by refinement and education ought to abate part of the prejudice which prompts them to look with an eye of censure on this untutored race. Can it be said of civilized conquerors, that they in the main are willing to share with their prisoners the last ration of food when famine stares them in the face? Do they ever adopt an enemy, and salute him by the tender name of brother? And I am justified in doubting, whether, if I had fallen into the hands of French soldiery, so much assiduity would have been shewn to preserve my life.



CHAP. VI.

MR. JOHNSON'S TOUR TO BOSTON AND PORTSMOUTH, AND THE CATASTROPHE AT HIS RETURN.—ARRIVAL AT THE PRISON IN QUEBEC.

THE reader will leave me and my family under the care of our factor a short time, and proceed with Mr. Johnson. On the 12th of November he set forward for Albany, accompanied by two Indians for pilots, for whose fidelity the commander in chief was responsible. They were to tarry at Albany till his return. In a short time I had a letter from Col. Lydius, informing me, that he had safely arrived at Albany, and had gone to Boston. His first step was to apply to Governor Wentworth, at Portsmouth, for money to redeem his family and the English prisoners. Wentworth laid his matter before the General Assembly, and they granted the sum of 150l. sterling for the purposes of redemption, and 10l. to defray his expences. The committee of the General Court gave him the following directions:

Portsmouth, N. H. January 25, 1755.

MR. JAMES JOHNSON,

SIR,

Agreeable to your letter to the Secretary, of the 16th instant, you have inclosed a letter to Col. Cornelius Cuyler, Esq. in which you will observe, we have given you credit for letters on his acquaintance in Canada, to furnish you with credit,

to the amount of 150l. sterling. We therefore advise you to proceed to Albany, and on your arrival there, deliver the said letter to Col. Cuyler, and take from him such credit as he shall give you on some able person or persons in Canada; and, when you are thus furnished, you will then proceed to Canada, and there negotiate, in the best and most frugal manner you can, the purchasing such, and so many captives, as you may hear of, that have been taken from any part of this province, taking care that the aforesaid sum, agreeable to the grant of the General Assembly here, be distributed to and for the purchasing all the said captives that are to be come at, in the most equal and exact manner, that none may be left there for the want of their quota of the said money. The captives' names, and places from whence taken, that we have information of, you have herewith a list of, for your direction. You are to keep an exact account of the distribution of this money, in order to your future discharge.

If Col. Cuyler should not be living, or refuse you his good offices in this affair, you are then to apply to the Hon. ——— Saunders, Esq. mayor of the city of Albany, or any other person that can give you credit at Canada, and leave with them our letter to Col. Cuyler, which shall oblige us to pay the said sum or sums mentioned in the said letter, to such person, and in the same way and manner, as we have obliged ourselves to pay him.

We are your friends,

THEODORE ATKINSON,

S. WIBING,

MESHECH WEARE,

BENJ. SHERBURNE, jun.

} Com.

A List of the Captives taken from the Province of Newhamshire by the St. Francis Indians, in the summer of 1754.

From Charlestown, on Connecticut River.

James Johnson, his wife, and four children.

Peter Labarree,

Ebenezer Farnsworth,

Miriam Willard.

From Merrimack River.

Nathaniel Malloon, his wife, and three children.

Robert Barber,

Samuel Scribner,

Enos Bishop.

In addition to this letter of credit, Governor Wentworth gave him the following passport :

Province of Newhamshire, in New England.

By His Excellency Benning Wentworth, Esq. Captain General, Governor, and Commander in (L. S.) Chief in and over His Britannic Majesty's Province of Newhamshire aforesaid, and Vice-Admiral of the same, and Surveyor-General of all His Majesty's Woods in North America.

Whereas the St. Francis and other Indians did, in the summer last past, captivate sundry of His Majesty's subjects, inhabitants of this province, and have, as I have been informed, sold the same to the subjects of the French King, in Canada, where they are now detained in servitude ; and having had application made to me by Mr. James Johnson, of Charlestown, within this province, one of the said captives, who obtained leave to come to this country in order to purchase his

own and other captives' liberty, for letters of safe passport, I do hereby require and command all officers, civil and military, as well as all other persons, that they offer no let or hindrance to the said James Johnson, or his company, but contrarywise, that they afford him all necessary dispatch in said journey through this province.

And I do hereby also desire, that all His Majesty's subjects, of his several other governments, through which the said James Johnson may have occasion to travel, may treat him with that civility that becometh.

I also hereby earnestly entreat the Gov. Gen. and all other officers, ministers, and subjects of His Most Christian Majesty, governing and inhabiting the country and territories of Canada aforesaid, that they would respectively be aiding and assisting to the said James Johnson in the aforesaid negotiation,—hereby engaging to return the same civility and kindness to any of His Most Christian Majesty's officers and subjects, when thereto requested by any of his governors, or proper officers. In token of which, I have caused the public seal of the province of Newhampshire aforesaid to be hereunto affixed, this 25th day of January, in the 28th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

BENNING WENTWORTH.

By His Excellency's Command,

THEODORE ATKINSON, Sec.

Anno Domini 1755.

With these credentials, Mr. Johnson proceeded with alacrity to Boston, procured Governor

Shirley's passport, and set forward to Worcester on his return back ; while there, he was greatly astonished at receiving the following letter from Governor Shirley :

Boston, February 15, 1755.

MR. JOHNSON,

There have some things happened in our public affairs since your going from Boston with my letters to the Governor of Canada, and intelligence come of the motions of the French in Canada for further invading His Majesty's territories on the frontiers of New York and New-hampshire, as make it unsafe for you, as well as for the public, to proceed at present on your journey to Quebec, and therefore I expect that you do forthwith, upon receiving this letter, return back and lay aside all thoughts of going forward on this journey, till you have my leave, or the leave of Governor Wentworth, to whom I shall write, and inform him of what I have undertaken to do in this matter, in which His Majesty's service is so much concerned.

Your friend and servant,

W. SHIRLEY.

Mr. James Johnson.

On the receipt of this letter, he returned with a heavy heart to Boston, and was positively ordered by Mr. Shirley to stay till further orders. His situation now was really deplorable. His parole, which was only for two months, must be violated ; his credit in Canada lost ; his family exposed to the malice of exasperated Frenchmen, and all his good prospects at an end. After using every exertion in Boston for leave to recommence his

journey, and spending the rest of the winter, and all the spring, he found his efforts were in vain. During this time, my situation grew daily more distressing. Mr. Du Quesne made honourable provision for myself, sister, and child, till the expiration of my husband's parole; the two Indians were then sent to Albany to pilot him back; after waiting some time, and learning nothing about him, they returned. Previous to this, I had been treated with great attention and civility; dined frequently in the first families, received cards to attend them on parties of pleasure, and was introduced to a large and respectable acquaintance. As an unfortunate woman, I received those general tokens of generosity which flow from a humane people. Among the presents which I received, was one of no small magnitude, from Captains Stowbrow and Vambram, two gentlemen who were delivered by Major Washington as hostages, when he, with the Virginia troops, surrendered to the French and Indians. In compliance with their billet, I waited on them one morning, and, at parting, received a present of 148 livres. Mr. St. Ange, a French gentleman of fortune and distinction, besides frequent proofs of his goodness, gave me, at one time, forty-eight livres. In his family, I formed an intimate acquaintance with a young English lady who was captured by the Indians in the province of Maine, and sold to him; she was used with parental tenderness, and shared the privileges of his children; she, with his daughter, frequently came in their morning carriage, to ride with my sister and me. Gratitude to my numerous benefactors, pleads loudly in favour of insert-

ing all their names, and particularizing every act of generosity. If I omit it, it must not be imagined that I have forgotten their charity ; it has left an impression on my heart that can only be erased by the extinction of life.

While in Mr. Du Quesne's family, my little daughter was very unwell, and the superstitious people were convinced that she would either die, or be carried off by the devil, unless baptized. I yielded to their wishes, and they prepared for the ceremony, with all the appendages annexed to their religion. Mr. Du Quesne was godfather, and the young English lady godmother ; by Mrs. Du Quesne's particular request, she was christened Louis, after herself—to which I added the name of Captive.

The return of the Indians without Mr. Johnson boded no good to me. I observed with pain the gradual change of my friends from coldness to neglect, and from neglect to contempt.—Mr. Du Quesne, who had the most delicate sense of honour, supposed that he had designedly broken his parole, and abused his confidence ; he refused to grant me further assistance, or even to see my face. I now found myself friendless and alone ; not a word had I heard from Mr. Johnson, not a word had I heard from my little son with the Indians. Affliction lowered upon me with all its horrors ; in this dilemma, my sister and I agreed to take a small room, and support ourselves, till our little store of cash was expended, and then have recourse to our needles.

In the beginning of April, the Indians made a second tour to Albany, in quest of Mr. Johnson, and again returned without him. I wrote to Col. Lydius for information, but he could tell

nothing. Darkness increased ; but I summoned all my resolution, and indulged the fond hope of being soon relieved. We kept our little room till June, when I had the happiness to hear, that my husband was without the city, waiting for permission to come in. He was conducted by a file of men ; his presence banished care and trouble, and turned the tear of sorrow to the effusion of joy. After the gratulation of meeting had subsided, he related his sad fate in New England. He finally got permission from Gov. Wentworth to come privately, by the way of Albany, where he took his bills, drawn by Mr. Cuyler, on Mr. St. Luc Lucorne and Mr. Rine Du Quesne. The affairs in Canada had materially changed ; during his absence, a new Governor had been sent over, and various manœuvres in politics had taken place, which were very injurious to him. Had the old Governor tarried, his absence would probably have been excused. But *Monf. Vaudrieul* was ignorant of the conditions on which he went home, and could not admit apologies for the breach of his parole. Our disappointment and mortification were severe, when we found our bills protested. This reduced us at once to a beggarly state. The evil was partially remedied by *St. Luc Lucorne's* lending us paper money, while we could send some Indians to *Mr. Cuyler* for silver. *Mr. Johnson* received orders to settle his affairs with all possible dispatch.

Spirited preparations were now making for war. General *Dieskau* arrived from France with an army, and Montreal was a scene of busy confusion. We were completing our settlements with our paper, expecting to have full permission to go

home, when the Indians returned. But the measure of our misery was not yet full. In the beginning of July, Mr. Johnson was put into jail. Terrible to me was this unexpected stroke; without money, credit, or friends, I must now roam the streets, without a prospect of relief from the cloud of misfortune that hung over me. In a few days, the faithful Indians, who had been sent to Mr. Cuyler for the silver, returned with 438 dollars, with an order on St. Luc Lucorne for 700 additional livres; but he took the whole into possession, and we never after received a penny from him.

Half distracted, and almost exhausted with despair and grief, I went to the Governor to paint out our distress, and ask relief. I found him of easy access, and he heard my lamentable story with seeming emotion; his only promise was, to take care of us; and, at parting, he gave me a crown, to buy milk for my babes. Ignorant of our destiny, my sister and I kept our little room, and were fortunate enough to get subsistence from day to day,—often going to the gloomy prison to see my poor husband, whose misfortunes in Boston had brought him to this wretchedness.

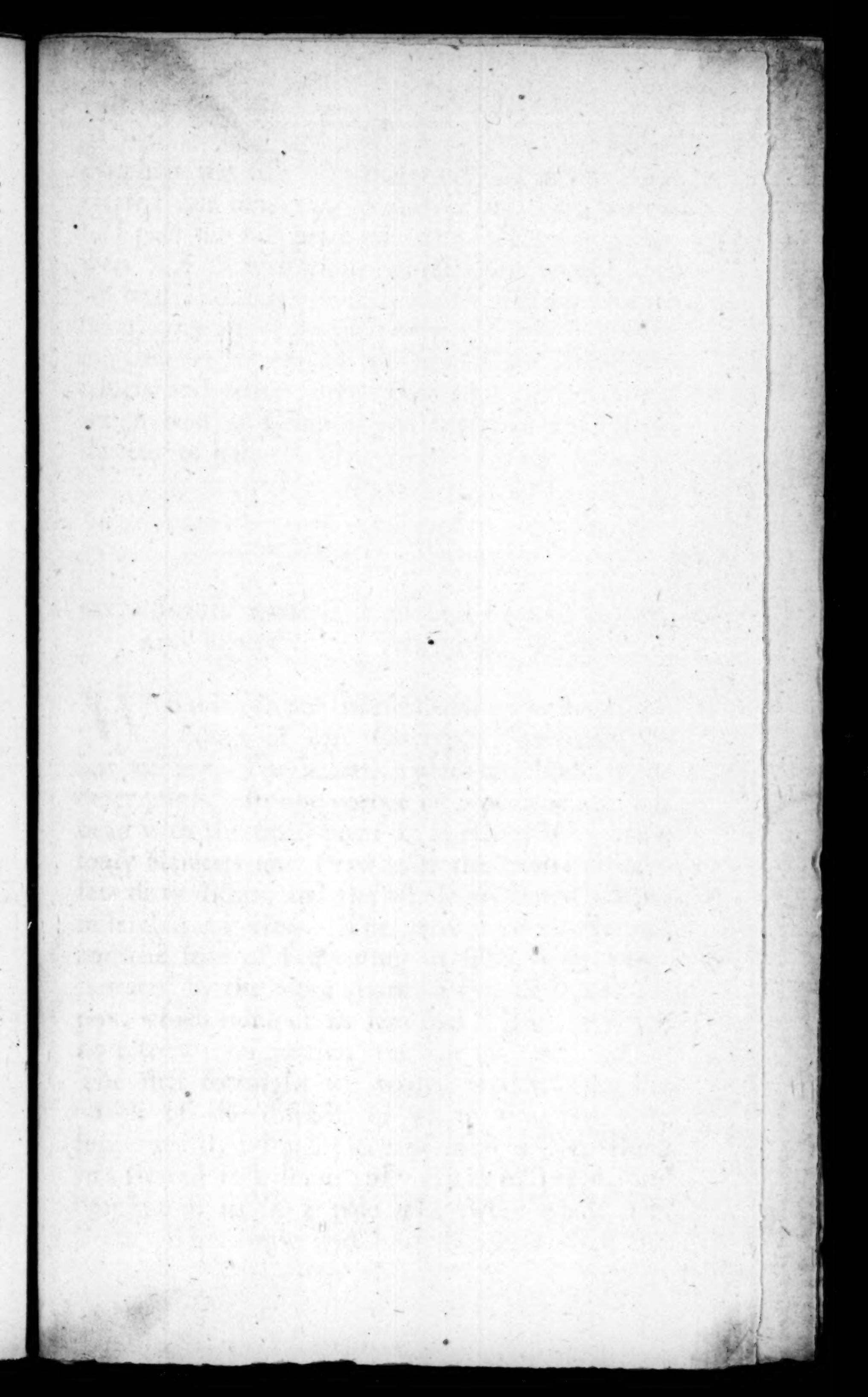
Our own misfortunes had taught us how to feel for the sufferings of others, and large demands were now made upon our sympathetic powers.—Just as we were plunged into this new distress, a scout of savages brought a number of prisoners into Montreal, which were our old friends and acquaintances.* Our meeting was a scene of sorrow and melancholy pleasure.

* Two children from Mr. H. Grout's family, and two children belonging to Mrs. How, the fair captive, celebrated in Col. Humphrey's Life of

All were flocking to the standard of war.—The Indians came from all quarters, thirsting for English blood, and receiving instruction from the French. A number of tribes, with all their horrid weapons of war, paraded one morning before the General's house, and held the war-dance, and filled the air with infernal yells ; after which, in a formal manner, they took the hatchet against the English, and marched for the field of battle. Alas ! my poor countrymen, thought I, how many of you are to derive misery from these monsters.

On the 22d of July, Mr. Johnson was taken from jail, and, with myself and our two youngest children, was ordered on board a vessel for Quebec. To leave our friends at Montreal was a distressing affair ; my sister's ransom had been paid, but she could not go with us. She went into the family of the Lieut. Governor, where she supported herself with her needle. My eldest

Putnam. Their names were Polly and Submit Phips. Mrs. How was then prisoner at St. John's, with six other children, and one Garfield. They were all taken at Hinsdale.—Mrs. How's daughters were purchased by Monf. Vaudrieul, the Governor, and had every attention paid their education. After a year's residence in Montreal, they were sent to the Grand Nunnery in Quebec, where my sister and I paid them a visit ; they were beautiful girls, chearful, and well taught. We here found two aged English ladies, who had been taken in former wars. One, by the name of Wheelright, who had a brother in Boston, on whom she requested me to call, if ever I went to that place ; I complied with her request afterwards, and received many civilities from her brother.



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daughter was still with the three old maids, who treated her tenderly. Labarree and Farnsworth had paid the full price of their redemption, but were not allowed to go home. Not a word had we heard yet from poor Sylvanus. We parted in tears, ignorant of our destination, but little thinking that we were to embark for a place of wretchedness and woe. After two days good sailing, we arrived at Quebec, and were all conducted directly to jail.

CHAP. VII.

SIX MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN THE CRIMINAL JAIL,
AND REMOVAL TO THE CIVIL PRISON.

WE now, to our indescribable pain, found the fallacy of Mr. Governor's promises for our welfare. The jail was a place too shocking for description. In one corner sat a poor being, half dead with the small-pox; in another, were some lousy blankets and straw; in the centre stood a few dirty dishes, and the whole presented a scene miserable to view. The terrors of starvation, and the fear of suffocating in filth, were overpowered by the more alarming evil of the small-pox, which none of us had had. But there was no retreat; resignation was our only resource.—The first fortnight we waited anxiously for the attack of the disease, in which time we were supported by a small piece of meat a day, which was stewed with some rusty crusts of bread, and brought to us in a pale that swine would run from. The straw and lousy blankets were our

only lodging, and the rest of our furniture consisted of some wooden blocks for seats. On the 15th day I was taken with the small-pox, and removed to the hospital, leaving my husband and two children in the horrid prison. In two days, Mr. Johnson put my youngest child, Captive, out to nurse. The woman kept the child but a few days before she returned it, owing to a mistrust that she should not get her pay. Should it remain in prison, certain death must be its portion; its father, therefore, was reduced to the sad necessity of requesting her to carry it to the Lord Intendant, and tell him, that he must either allow her a compensation for keeping it, or it must be left at his door. The good woman dressed it decently, and obeyed her orders. Mr. Intendant smiled at her story, and took the child in his arms, saying, "It was a pretty little English devil, it was a pity it should die:" he ordered his clerk to draw an order for its allowance, and she took care of it till the last of October, except a few days while it had the small-pox.

A few days after I left the prison, Mr. Johnson and my other daughter were taken with symptoms, and came to the hospital to me. It is a singular instance of divine interposition, that we all recovered from this malignant disease.—We were remanded to prison, but were not compelled to our former rigid confinement. Mr. Johnson was allowed, at certain times, to go about the city in quest of provision. But, on the 20th of October, St. Luc Lucorne arrived from Montreal with the news of Dieskau's defeat. He had ever since my husband's misfortune about his parole, been his persecuting enemy, and by his

instigation we were all put immediately to close prison.

The ravages of the small-pox reduced us to the last extremity, and the foetid prison, without fire or food, added bitterness to our distress. Mr. Johnson preferred a petition to the Lord Intendant, stating our melancholy situation. I had the liberty of presenting it myself, and by the assistance of Mr. Pertua, the interpreter, in whom we ever found a compassionate friend, we got some small relief. About the first of November, I was taken violently ill of a fever, and was carried to the hospital, with my daughter Captive. After a month's residence there, with tolerable good attendance, I recovered from my illness, and went back to my husband. While at the hospital, I found an opportunity to convey the unwelcome tidings of our deplorable situation to my sister at Montreal, charging her to give my best love to my daughter Susanna, and to inform our fellow prisoners, Labarree and Farnsworth, that our good wishes awaited them. Not a word had we yet heard from poor Sylvanus.

Winter now began to approach, and the severe frosts of Canada operated keenly upon our feelings. Our prison was a horrid defence from the blasts of December: with two chairs, a heap of straw, and two lousy blankets, we may well be supposed to live uncomfortably. In addition to this, we had but one poor fire a day, and the iron grates gave free access to the chills of the inclement sky. A quart basin was the only thing allowed us to cook our small piece of meat and dirty crusts in, and it must serve at the same time for table furniture. In this sad plight—a prisoner—in

jail—winter approaching—conceive reader, for I cannot speak our distress !

Our former benevolent friends, Capts. Stow-brow and Vambram, had the peculiar misfortune to be cast into a prison opposite to us. Suspicion of having corresponded with their countrymen was the crime with which they were charged. Their misfortune did not preclude the exertion of generosity ; they frequently sent us, by the waiting maid, bottles of wine, and articles of provision. But the malice of Frenchmen had now arrived to such a pitch against all our country, that we must be deprived of these comforts. These good men were forbidden their offices of kindness, and our intercourse was entirely prohibited. We, however, found means by stratagem to effect, in some measure, what could not be done by open dealing. When the servants were carrying in our daily supplies, we slipped into the entry, and deposited our letters in an ash box, which were taken by our friends, and they leaving one at the same time for us : this served to amuse a dull hour. Sometimes we diverted ourselves by the use of Spanish cards : as Mr. Johnson was ignorant of the game, I derived no inconsiderable pleasure from instructing him. But the vigilance of our keepers increased, and our paper and ink were withheld.—We had now been prisoners seventeen months, and our prospects were changing from bad to worse. Five months had elapsed since our confinement in this horrid receptacle, except the time we lingered in the hospital. Our jailer was a true descendant from Pharaoh ; but, urged by impatience and despair, I softened him so much as to get him to ask Mr. Pertua to call on us.

When the good man came, we described our situation in all the moving terms which our feelings inspired, which, in addition to what he saw, convinced him of the reality of our distress. He proposed asking an influential friend of his to call on us, who, perhaps, would devise some mode for our relief. The next day the gentleman came to see us; he was one of those good souls who ever feels for others woes. He was highly affronted with his countrymen for reducing us to such distress, and declared that the Lord Intendant himself should call on us, and see the extremities to which he had reduced us; he sent from his own house that night, a kettle, some candles, and each of us a change of linen.

The next day, January 8th, 1756, Mr. Intendant came to see us; he exculpated himself, by saying, that we were put there by the special order of Mons. Vaudrieul, the Governor in Chief, and that he had no authority to release us; but he would convey a letter from Mr. Johnson to Monsieur, which might have the desired effect. The letter was accordingly written, stating our troubles, and beseeching relief; likewise praying that our son might be gotten from the Indians, and sent to us, with our daughter and sister, from Montreal. The Governor returned the following letter.

TRANSLATION.

I have received, Sir, your letter, and am much concerned for the situation you are in.—I write to Mr. Longieul, to put you and your wife in the civil prison.

Mr. Lord Intendant will be so good as to take some notice of the things you stand in need of, and to help you. As to your boy who is in the hands of the Indians, I will do all that is in my power to get him; but I do not hope to have good success.—Your child in town and your sister-in-law are well. If I have an opportunity of doing you some pleasure, I will make use of it, unless something should happen to hinder and stop my good-will. If you had not before given some cause of being suspected, you should have had your liberty. I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

VAUDRIEUL.

From the receipt of this letter, we dated our escape from direful bondage. Mr. Intendant ordered us directly to the new jail, called the Civil Prison, where our accommodations were infinitely better. We had a decent bed, candles, fuel, and all the conveniencies belonging to the prisoners of war. Mr. Johnson was allowed 15d. per day, on account of a Lieutenant's commission which he held under George the Second, and I was permitted to go once a week into the city to purchase necessaries; and a washer-woman was provided for my use. We were not confined to the narrow limits of a single room, but were restrained only by the bounds of the jail-yard. Our situation formed such a contrast with what we endured in the gloomy criminal jail, that we imagined ourselves the favourites of fortune, and in high life.



CHAP. VII.

RESIDENCE IN THE CIVIL JAIL, AND OCCURRENCES
TILL THE TWENTIETH OF JULY, 1757.

TO be indolent from necessity has ever been deemed a formidable evil. No better witnesses than ourselves can testify the truth of the remark. Although our lodgings were now such as we envied a month before, yet to be compelled to continual idleness, was grievous to be borne. We derived some amusement from the cultivation of a small garden within the jail-yard; but a continued sameness of friends and action rendered our time extremely wearisome.

About a month after our arrival at this new abode, one Captain Milton, with his crew, who, with their vessel, were taken at sea, were brought prisoners of war to the same place. Milton was lodged in our apartment; he had all the rude boisterous airs of a seaman, without the least trait of a gentleman, which rendered him a very troublesome companion. His impudence was consummate,—but that was not the greatest evil: while some new recruits were parading before the prison one day, Milton addressed them in very improper language from our window, which was noticed directly by city authority, who, supposing it to be Mr. Johnson, ordered him into the dungeon. Deeply affected by this new trouble, I again called on my friend Mr. Pertua, who, after having ascertained the facts, got him released.—Mr. Milton was then put into other quarters.

A new jailer, who had an agreeable lady for his wife, now made our situation still more happy. My little daughters played with hers, and learned the French language.

Capt. M'Neil and his brother, from Boston, were brought to us as prisoners; they told us the state of politics in our own country, and some interesting news about some of our friends at home.

In the morning of the 13th of August, our jailer, with moon eyes, came to congratulate us on the taking of Oswego by the French. We entered little into his spirit of joy, preferring much to hear good news from the other side. We were soon visited by some of the prisoners, who had surrendered. Col. Schuyler was of the number, who, with the gentlemen in his suit, made us a generous present.

The remainder of the summer and fall of fifty-six passed off without any sensible variation. We frequently heard from Montreal; my sister was very well situated in the family of the Lieutenant Governor, and my eldest daughter was caressed by her three mothers. Could I have heard from my son, half my trouble would have ended.

In December, I was delivered of a son, who lived but a few hours, and was buried under the cathedral church.

In the winter, I received a letter from my sister, containing the sad tidings of my father's death, who was killed by Indians on his own farm the preceding May. Savage vengeance fell heavy upon our family; I had a brother wounded at the same time, who ran to the fort with the spear sticking in his thigh. Too much grief

reduced me to a weak condition; I was taken sick, and carried to the hospital, where, after a month's lingering illness, I found myself able to return.

The commencement of the year fifty-seven passed off without a prospect of liberty. Part of our fellow prisoners were sent to France, but we made no voyage out of the jail-yard. About the first of May, we petitioned Mons. Vaudrieul to permit our sister to come to us. Our prayer was granted, and in May we had the pleasure of seeing her, after an absence of two years. She had supported herself by her needle, in the family of the Lieutenant-Governor, where she was treated extremely well, and received a present of four crowns at parting.

Impatient of confinement, we now made another attempt to gain our liberty. Mr. Pertua conducted us to the house of the Lord Intendant, to whom we petitioned in pressing terms; stating, that we had now been prisoners almost three years, and had suffered every thing but death; and that would be our speedy portion, unless we had some relief. His Lordship listened with seeming pity, and promised to lay our case before the head man, at Montreal, and give us an answer in seven days; at the expiration of which time, we had permission to leave the prison. It is not easy to describe the effect of this news: only those who have felt the horrors of confinement can figure to themselves the happiness we enjoyed, when breathing once more the air of liberty.—We took lodgings in town, where we remained till the first of June; when a cartel-ship arrived, to carry prisoners to England for an exchange. Mr.

Johnson wrote an urgent letter to M. Vaudrieul, praying that his family might be included with those who were to take passage. Monsieur wrote a very encouraging letter back, promising that he and his family should sail, and that his daughter, Susanna, should be sent to him; he concluded, by congratulating him on his good prospects, and ordering the Governor of Quebec to afford us his assistance. This letter was dated June 27th.

This tide of good fortune almost wiped away the remembrance of three years adversity. We began our preparations for embarkation with alacrity. Mr. Johnson wrote to St. Luc Lucorne for the seven hundred livres due on Mr. Cuyler's order, but his request was, and still is, unsatisfied. This was a period big with every thing propitious and happy. The idea of leaving a country where I had suffered the keenest distress, during two months and a half, with the savages; been bowed down by every mortification and insult which could arise from the misfortunes of my husband in New England; and where I had spent two years in sickness and despair, in a prison too shocking to mention, contributed to fill the moment with all the happiness which the benevolent reader will conceive my due, after sufferings so intense; to consummate the whole, my daughter, who had been absent more than three years, was to be returned to my arms.—There was a good prospect of our son's being released from the Indians: the whole formed such a lucky combination of fortunate events, that the danger of twice crossing the ocean, to gain our native shore, vanished in a moment. My family were all in the same joyful mood, and hailed the happy day when we should sail for England.

But little did we think that this sunshine of prosperity was so soon to be darkened by the heaviest clouds of misfortune. Three days before the appointed day for sealing, the ship came down from Montreal without my daughter; in a few moments, I met Mr. Pertua, who told me that counter orders had come, and Mr. Johnson must be retained a prisoner; only my two little daughters, sister, and myself could go. This was calamity indeed; to attempt such a long, wearisome voyage, without money, and without acquaintance, and to leave a husband and two children in the hands of enemies, was too abhorrent for reflection. But it was an affair of importance, and required weighty consideration; accordingly the next day a solemn council of all the prisoners in the city was held in the coffee-house.—Col. Schuyler was president, and, after numerous arguments for and against were heard, it was voted, by a large majority, that I should go.—I, with hesitation, gave my consent.—Some perhaps will censure the measure as rash, and others may applaud my courage; but I had so long been accustomed to danger and distress in the most menacing forms they could assume, that I was now almost insensible to their threats; and this act was not a little biased by desperation.—Life could no longer retain its value, if lingered out in the inimical regions of Canada. In Europe, I should at least find friends, if not acquaintance; and among the numerous vessels bound to America, I might chance to get a passage. But then, to leave a tender husband, who had so long, at the hazard of his life, preserved my own; to part,

perhaps for ever, from children, put all my resolution to the test, and shook my boasted firmness.

Col. Schuyler, whom we ever found our benevolent friend, promised to use his influence for Mr. Johnson's release, and for the redemption of our children.

On the 20th of July, we went on board the vessel, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, who went with us to take leave. We were introduced to the Captain, who was a gentleman, and a person of great civility;—he shewed us the best cabin, which was to be the place of our residence, and, after promising my husband that the voyage should be made as agreeable to me as possible, he gave orders for weighing anchor.—The time was now come that we must part.—Mr. Johnson took me by the hand—our tears imposed silence—I saw him step into the barge;—but my two little children, sister, and myself, were bound for Europe.

We fell down the river St. Lawrence but a small distance that night. The next morning, the Captain, with a chearful countenance, came to our cabin, and invited us to rise and take our leave of Quebec. None but myself complied, and I gazed, as long as sight would permit, at the place where I had left my dearest friend.

CHAP. IX.

VOYAGE TO PLYMOUTH—OCCURRENCES—SAILING
FROM PLYMOUTH TO PORTSMOUTH, FROM
THENCE, BY THE WAY OF CORK, TO NEW
YORK,

ALL my fears and affliction did not prevent my feeling some little joy at being released from the jurisdiction of Frenchmen. I could pardon the Indians for their vindictive spirit, because they had no claim on the benefits of civilization; but the French, who give lessons of politeness to the rest of the world, can derive no advantage from the plea of ignorance. The blind superstition which is inculcated by their monks and friars, doubtless, stifles, in some measure, the exertion of pity towards their enemies; and the common herd, which includes almost 7-8ths of their number, have no advantages from education. To these sources I attribute most of my sufferings. But I found some benevolent friends, whose generosity I shall ever recollect with the warmest gratitude.

The commencement of the voyage had every favourable presage; the weather was fine, the sailors chearful, and the ship in good trim. My accommodations in the Captain's family were very commodious; a boy was allowed me for my particular use. We sailed with excellent fortune, till the 19th of August, when we hove in sight of Old Plymouth, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we dropped anchor.

The next day, all but myself and family were taken from the vessel. We felt great anxiety at

being left, and began to fear that Fortune was not willing to smile on us, even on these shores: we waited in despair thirty or forty hours, and found no relief. The Captain, observing our despondency, began his airs of gaiety to cheer us; he assured us that we should not suffer—that, if the English would not receive us, he would take us to France, and make us happy. But at last an officer came on board, to see if the vessel was prepared for the reception of French prisoners. We related to him our situation; he conducted us on shore, and applied to the Admiral for directions, who ordered us lodgings, and the King's allowance of two shillings sterling per day for our support. Fortunately, we were lodged in a house where resided Captain John Tufton Mason, whose name will be familiar to the inhabitants of Newhampshire, on account of his patent. He very kindly interested himself in our favour, and wrote to Messrs Thomlinson and Apthorp, Agents at London for the Province of Newhampshire, soliciting their assistance in my behalf. We tarried at Plymouth but a fortnight, during which time I received much attention, and had to gratify many an inquisitive friend with the history of my sufferings.

Captain Mason procured me a passage to Portsmouth in the Rainbow man of war, from whence I was to take passage in a packet for America. Just as I stepped on board the Rainbow, a good lady with her son came to make me a visit; her curiosity to see a person of my description was not abated by my being on my passage; she said she could not sleep till she had seen the prisoner who had suffered such hard fortune.—

After she had asked all the questions that time would allow of, she gave me a guinea, and half a guinea to my sister, and a muslin handkerchief to each of my little girls. On our arrival at Portsmouth, the packet had failed: the Captain of the *Rainbow* not finding it convenient to keep us with him, introduced us on board the *Royal Ann*.

Wherever we lived, we found the best friends and the politest treatment.—It will be thought singular, that a defenceless woman should suffer so many changes, without meeting with some insults, and many incivilities; but, during my long residence on board the various vessels, the most delicate gallantry ever characterized my companions. The officers were assiduous in making my situation agreeable, and readily proffered their services.

While on board the *Royal Ann*, I received the following letters; the reader will excuse their recital; it would be ingratitude not to record such conspicuous acts of benevolence.

Plymouth, Sept. 13, 1757.

MADAM,

Late last post night I received an answer from Mr. Apthorp, who is partner with Mr. Thomlinson, agent for Newhampshire, with a letter inclosed for you, which gave you leave to draw on him for fifteen guineas. As Madam Hornech was just closing her letter to you, I gave it her to inclose for you. I now write again to London in your behalf. You must immediately write Mr. Apthorp what you intend to do, and what further you would have him and our friends at London do for you.

I hope you have received the benefaction of the charitable ladies in this town. All friends here commiserate your misfortunes, and wish you well, together with your sister and children.

Your friend and countryman to serve,

JOHN T. MASON.

Mrs. Johnson.

London, Sept. 7, 1757.

MADAM,

I received a letter from Capt. Mason, dated the 30th of last month, giving an account of your unfortunate situation, and yesterday Mr. Thomlinson, who is ill in the country, sent me your letter, together with Capt. Mason's to him, with the papers relative to you. In consequence of which, I this day applied to a number of gentlemen in your behalf, who very readily gave their assistance; but, as I am a stranger to the steps you intend to pursue, I can only give you liberty at present to draw on me for ten or fifteen guineas, for which sum your bill shall be paid; and, when you furnish me with information, I shall chearfully give any furtherance in my power to your relief, when I shall also send you a list of your benefactors.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN APTHORP.

Mrs. Susanna Johnson.

LETTER FROM H. GROVE.

I have now the pleasure to let dear Mrs. Johnson know the goodness of Mrs. Hornech; she has collected seven pounds for you, and sent it to Mrs. Brett, who lives in the yard at Portf-

mouth, to beg her favours to you in any thing she can do to help or assist you. She is a good lady: do go to her, and let her know your distress. Capt. Mason has gotten a letter this post, but he is not at home: cannot tell you further. You will excuse this scrawl, likewise my not enlarging, as Mr. Hornech waits to send it away. Only believe me, Madam, you have my earnest prayers to God to help and assist you. My mamma's compliments with mine, and begs to wait on you; and, believe me, dear Mrs. Johnson, your's in all events to serve you,

HANNAH GROVE.

Sunday Eve, 10 o'Clock.

I received the donation, and Mr. Apthorp sent me the fifteen guineas. I sincerely lament, that he omitted sending me the names of my benefactors.

The Captain of the Royal Ann, supposing my situation with him might not be agreeable, applied to the mayor for a permit for me to take lodgings in the city, which was granted. I took new lodgings, where I remained three or four days, when orders came for me to be on board the Orange man of war in three hours, which was to sail for America. We made all possible dispatch; but when we got to the shore, we were astonished to find the ship too far under way to be overtaken. No time was to be lost: I applied to a waterman to carry us to a merchantman that was weighing anchor at a distance, to go in the same fleet. He hesitated long enough to pronounce a chapter of oaths, and then rowed off — When we came to the vessel, I petitioned the

Captain to take us on board till he overtook the Orange. He directly flew into a violent passion, and offered greater insults than I had ever received during my whole voyage. He swore we were women of ill fame, who wished to follow the army, and that he would have nothing to do with us. I begged him to calm his rage, and we would convince him of his error. Fortunately the victualler of the fleet happened to be in the ship, who, at this moment, stepped forward with his roll of names, and told the outrageous captain, that he would soon convince him whether we deserved notice, by searching his list. He soon found our names, and the Captain began to beg pardon.—He took us on board, and apologized for his rudeness. We sailed with a fair wind for Cork, where the fleet took provision. We continued a fortnight in this place, during which time the Captain of the Orange came on board to see me, and offered me a birth in his vessel; but that being a battle ship, it was thought best for me to stay where I then was. After weighing anchor at Cork, we had a passage of seven weeks, remarkably pleasant, to New York. On the 10th of December, we dropped anchor at Sandy Hook; on the 11th, I had the supreme felicity to find myself on shore in my native country, after an absence of three years three months and eleven days.

CHAP. X.

THE HISTORY ENDS.

I MIGHT descant for many a page on the felicity I felt on being once more in my own

country ; but others may guess my feelings better than I can describe them. The Mayor of New York ordered lodgings for us. Here I had the pleasure of meeting my friend, Col. Schuyler, who gave me much information about affairs in Canada ; he told me that my husband had been released, and taken passage in a cartel-ship for Halifax ; and that he had redeemed my son from the Indians for the sum of five hundred livres.

My fellow prisoner, Labarree, had made his escape from the French, and had been in New York a few days before, on his way home.

We continued in New York ten days, then took water passage for Newhaven, where I had the good fortune to find a number of officers who had been stationed at Charlestown the preceding summer, who gratified my curiosity with intelligence respecting my relations and friends in that place. Some of these gentlemen, among whom was Col. Whiting, kindly undertook to assist us on our journey home, by the way of Springfield. At Hartford, we found some gentlemen who were bound for Charlestown. They solicited my sister* to go in company with them, which she assented to.

When within half a dozen miles of Springfield, Mr. Ely, a benevolent friend of Mr. Johnson's, sent his two sons with a sleigh, to convey me to his house, where I purposed staying till some of my friends could hear of my arrival.—Fortunately Mr. Johnson about the same time arrived at Boston,—but misfortune had not yet

* Miss Miriam Willard was afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Whitney, of Shirley, Massachusetts.

filled the measure of his calamity. He had no sooner landed, than he was put under guard, on suspicion of not performing his duty in the redemption of the Canada prisoners, which suspicion was occasioned by his remissness in producing proper vouchers. But the following certificate procured his liberty :

This is to certify, whom it may concern, that the bearer, Lieutenant James Johnson, inhabitant in the town of Charlestown, in the province of Newhampshire, in New England, who, together with his family, were taken by the Indians on the 30th of August, 1754, has ever since continued a steady and faithful subject to His Majesty King George, and has used his utmost endeavours to redeem his own family, and all others belonging to the province aforesaid, that was in the hands of the French and Indians, which he cannot yet accomplish; and that both himself and family have undergone innumerable hardships and affliction since they have been prisoners in Canada.

In testimony of which, we the subscribers, Officers in His Britannic Majesty's service, and now prisoners of war at Quebec, have thought it necessary to grant him this certificate, and do recommend him as an object worthy the aid and compassion of every honest Englishman.

(Signed) PETER SCHUYLER,
ANDREW WATKINS,
WILLIAM MARTIN,
WILLIAM PADGELD.

Quebec, Sept. 16, 1757.

After his dismissal from the guards in Boston, he proceeded directly for Charlestown.—

When within fifteen miles of Springfield, he was met by a gentleman who had just seen me, who gave him the best news he could have heard. Although it was then late at night, he lost not a moment.—At two o'clock in the morning of the first of January, 1758, I again embraced my dearest friend.—Happy new year! With pleasure would I describe my emotions of joy, could language paint them sufficiently forcible; but my feeble pen shrinks from the task.

Charlestown was still a frontier town, and suffered from savage depredations, which rendered it an improper residence for me; consequently I went to Lancaster.

Mr. Johnson in a few days set out for New York, to adjust his Canada accounts. But, on his journey, he was persuaded by Gov. Pownall to take a Captain's commission, and join the forces bound for Tinconderoga, where he was killed on the 8th of July following, while fighting for his country.—Humanity will weep with me. The cup of sorrow was now replete with bitter drops. All my former miseries were lost in the affliction of the widow.

In the October following I had the happiness of embracing my son Sylvanus; he had been more than three years with the Indians, followed them in their hunting excursions, and learnt so many of their habits, that to civilize him and learn him his native language was a severe task.

I lived in Lancaster till October, 1759, when I returned to old Charlestown.—The sight of my former residence afforded a strange mixture of joy and grief; while the desolation of war, and the loss of a number of dear and valuable friends

combined to give the place an air of melancholy. Soon after my arrival, Major Rogers returned from an expedition against the village of St. Francis, which he had destroyed, and killed most of the inhabitants. He brought with him a young Indian prisoner, who stopped at my house. The moment he saw me, he cried, my God! my God! here is my sister! It was my little brother Sabaties, who formerly used to bring the cows for me, when I lived at my Indian master's. Poor fellow! the fortune of war had left him without a single relation; but with his country's enemies he could find one who too sensibly felt his miseries: I felt the purest pleasure in administering to his comfort.

My daughter Sufanna was still in Canada—but, as I had the fullest assurance that every attention was paid to her education and welfare by her three mothers, I felt less anxiety than I otherwise might have done.

Every one will imagine that I have paid Affliction her utmost demand: the pains of imprisonment, the separation from my children, the keen sorrow occasioned by the death of a butchered father, and the severe grief arising from my husband's death, will amount to a sum perhaps unequalled. But still my family must be doomed to further and severe persecutions from the savages. At the commencement of the summer of 1760, my brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Willard, with his wife and five children, who lived but two miles distant from me, were taken by a party of Indians. They were carried much the same rout that I was to Montreal. Their journey of fourteen days through the wilderness was a series of miseries unknown to any but those who suffered

with me : they lost two children, whose deaths were owing to savage barbarity. The history of their captivity would almost equal that of my own ; but the reader's commiseration and pity must now be exhausted. No more of anguish, no more of sufferings !

They arrived at Montreal a few days before the French surrendered it to the English ; and, after four month's absence, returned home, and brought my daughter Susanna to my arms : while I rejoiced at again meeting my child whom I had not seen for four years, I felt extremely grateful to the Mrs. Jaiffons for the affectionate attention they had bestowed on her. As they had received her as their child, they had made their affluent fortune subservient to her best interest. To give her the accomplishment of a polite education had been their principal care : she had contracted an ardent love for them, which never will be obliterated. Their parting was an affecting scene of tears.

Mr. Farnsworth, my only fellow prisoner whose return I have not mentioned, came home a little before.

Thus, by the goodness of providence, we all returned, in the course of six painful years, to the place from whence we were taken. The long period of our captivity, and the severity of our sufferings, will be called uncommon and unprecedented. But we even found some friends to pity amongst our most persecuting enemies ; and, from the various shapes in which mankind appeared, we learned many valuable lessons. Whether in the wilds of Canada, the horrid jails of Quebec, or in our voyage to Europe, daily occurrences

happened to convince us that the passions of men are various as their complexions. And, although my sufferings were often increased by the selfishness of this world's spirit, yet the numerous testimonies of generosity I received bids me suppress the charge of neglect, or want of benevolence.— That I have been an unfortunate woman all will grant; yet my misfortunes, while they enriched my experience, and taught me the value of patience, have increased my gratitude to the Author of all blessings, whose goodness and mercy have preserved my life to the present time.

I am now in the winter of life, and feel sensibly the effects of old age. My vacant hours I often employ in reflecting on the various scenes that have marked the different stages of my life. When viewing the present rising generation in the bloom of health, and enjoying those gay pleasures which shed their exhilarating influence so plentifully in the morn of life, I look back to my early days, when I too was happy, and basked in the sunshine of good fortune. Little do they think that the meridian of their lives can possibly be rendered miserable by captivity or a prison; as little too did I think that my gilded prospects could be obscured,—but it was the happy delusion of youth, and I fervently wish there was no deception. But that Being who “sits upon the circle of the earth, and views the inhabitants as grasshoppers,” allots our fortunes.

Although I have drank so largely from the cup of sorrow, yet my present happiness is a small compensation.—Twice has my country been ravaged by war since my remembrance; I have detailed the share I bore in the first; in the last

although the place in which I lived was not the field of bloody battle, yet its vicinity to Ticonderoga, and the savages that ravaged the Coos country, rendered it perilous and distressing.— But now no one can set a higher value on the smiles of Peace than myself. The savages are driven beyond the Lakes, and our country has no enemies. The gloomy wilderness, that forty years ago secreted the Indian and the beast of prey, has vanished away, and the thrifty farm smiles in its stead; the Sundays that were employed in guarding a fort, are now quietly devoted to worship; the tomahawk and scalping knife have given place to the ploughshare, and prosperous husbandry now thrives where the terrors of death once chilled us with fear.

My numerous progeny often gather around me to hear of the sufferings once felt by their aunt or grandmother, and wonder at their magnitude. My daughter Captive still keeps the dress she appeared in when brought to my bedside by the French nurse, at the Ticonderoga hospital; and often refreshes my memory with past scenes, when shewing it to her children.— These things yield a kind of melancholy pleasure.

Instances of longevity are remarkable in my family. My aged mother says to me, arise daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter has got a daughter; a command which few mothers can make, and be obeyed.

And now, reader, after sincerely wishing that your days may be as happy as mine have been unfortunate, I bid you adieu.

Charlestown, Newhampshire, June 20, 1796.

THE END.

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